

eighteen years," followed by a three-thousand-mile-long laugh.

and just now, five weeks and two days after, my thirteen-year-old walks into the kitchen where i am typing and asks, "why do you write all day if you don't have school?"

"because i am a writer," i answer.

"what do you write about?"

"well, my feelings ..."

"oh, jeez," she says, "why don't you get a job?"

NOT QUITE MAKING THE GRADE

i took the course entitled "female sexuality" because it was only a one-day seminar for one credit, and i needed one credit. also, being a wife and mother, i figured easy 'A.'

the professor was big on audio-visual aids. we were treated to six films of graphic sex between members of the opposite sex, members of the same sex, a man with his own member, and a woman with herself, with techniques and positions never mentioned in health class at our queen of the holy rosary academy.

to say it was a stimulating experience is an understatement of orgasmic proportions.

when i got home that night, i literally could not resist showing my husband what i learned in school that day.

afterwards he said, "that was some course you took. i wonder what it would have been like if it had been for three credits."

-- Mary Ellen Barnes

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